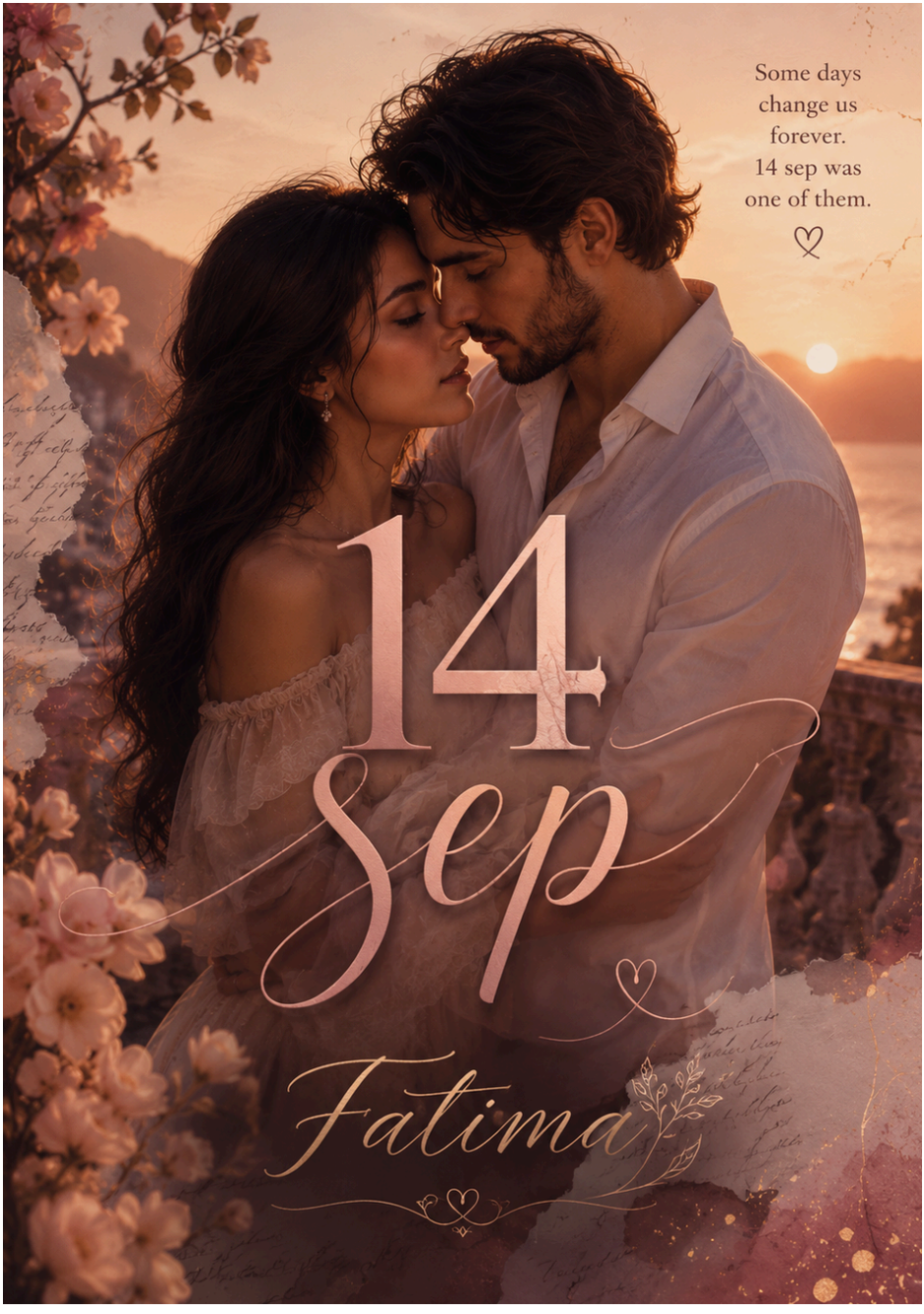
Some days
change us
forever.
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Copyright Page

14 September
A Love Story That Was Never Meant to Be Perfect,
But Was Always Meant to Be Hers.

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This is a work of love.
Any resemblance to real people, events, or feelings is not a coincidence —
it is a reflection of a heart that loved deeply, silently, and forever.

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First Edition: 2025

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"Some loves are not found — they are prayed into existence."

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# DEDICATION

*To the one who never said much,*
*but showed me everything.*

*To the one who carried the weight of the world,*
*yet always made room for me.*

*To the one who called me his "choti si baby,"*
*and meant it with every beat of his heart.*

*To him —*
*my Love,*
*my silence,*
*my home.*

*Thank you for being my first real love.*
*And my forever.*

---

*— Yours, always.*

# Epigraph

*He didn't say it with words —*
*he said it with his presence,*
*his silence,*
*and his love.*

# PREFACE

*This is not a fairy tale.*
*This is not a story written to impress.*
*This is real.*
*This is messy.*
*This is two imperfect people,*
*trying to love each other through their fears,*
*their silences,*
*their busy lives,*
*and their unspoken words.*

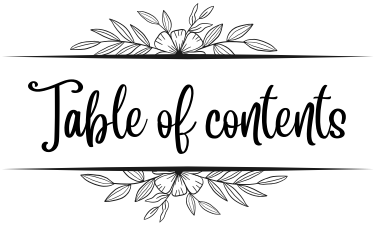
*She was shy, stubborn, and full of questions.*
*He was busy, quiet, and full of responsibilities.*
*But somehow —*
*between the masks, the promises, the tears, and the laughter —*
*they found each other.*

*This book is a collection of moments.*
*Not perfect moments, but real ones.*
*The kind that stay in your heart*
*long after they're gone.*

*She wrote this for him.*
*But somewhere, she knows —*
*she wrote it for herself too.*
*To remember what love felt like*
*when it was raw,*
*when it was uncertain,*
*when it was beautifully flawed.*

*And if you're reading this —*
*maybe you'll see yourself in these pages.*
*Maybe you'll remember someone too.*

*Because love, after all,*
*is not about staying forever.*
*It's about feeling alive*
*while you're in it.*



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***A single 'yes' changed everything —***
***not because I said it,***
***but because you heard it with your heart.***

# 14 September

*I remember that day, that hour so clear,*
*When fate decided to bring you near.*
*It was awkward, yes, a little absurd,*
*But the sweetest memory, word by word.*

*I was nervous, shy, my heart in a race,*
*Hiding my feelings, lowering my face.*
*In my mind, I spoke, a silent debate,*
*While you never paused, you wouldn't wait.*

*You talked and you talked, a gentle stream,*
*With that lovely smile, like a beautiful dream.*
*Your eyes on me, so warm and bright,*
*They laughed with mine in the softest light.*

*Oh, those eyes, they held a gentle glow,*
*Watching my own, making time move slow.*
*My heartbeat quickened, a frantic sound,*
*My world spun softly all around.*

*So shy I was, I couldn't meet your gaze,*
*Lost in the spell of those beautiful days.*
*I thought to myself, "He talks so much,"*
*While my own words faltered at your touch.*

*My throat went dry, my mind went numb,*
*My thoughts got tangled, my lips went dumb.*
*No strength to think, just feeling true,*
*Lost in the wonder of meeting you.*

*A moment so perfect, a beautiful mess,*
*This feeling I'll forever confess.*
*A poetry lived, in silence and sound,*
*The day my world with you was crowned.*

---

*I never wanted to fall,*
*Never believed in the call,*
*Of dinners, roses, and staged romance—*
*I thought love was just a careful chance.*

*So when we met, I walked in blind,*
*No expectations in my mind.*
*Just casual, simple, light and free—*
*This isn't a date, I told me.*

*No, no—just two souls, passing by,*
*A little chat beneath the sky.*
*I dressed like any ordinary day,*
*No thoughts of "what if" got in my way.*

*But oh, the universe had other plans,*
*It slipped the stars right in my hands.*
*That scent, that touch, that ring, that gaze—*
*Turned ordinary into a haze.*

*And only later, when I went back home,*
*Did I realize—I was no longer alone.*
*That was a date, my heart confessed,*
*And suddenly I felt so blessed...*

*...and yet so heavy, so undone,*
*Because it wasn't how I'd dreamed it'd run.*
*No candlelight, no perfect dress,*
*No polished words, no sweet finesse.*

*My first date wasn't what I'd planned—*
*Not fairy-tale, not grand, not bland.*
*It was real, it was raw, it caught me bare,*
*And left me gasping for some air.*

*I wish I'd known—I would've tried,*
*To be more bold, less terrified.*
*To thank you proper, hold your gaze,*
*To treasure each and every phase.*

*But now this regret softly stings—*
*This wasn't how I imagined things.*
*My first date came and went so fast,*
*A moment too perfect, too beautiful to last.*

*So here I sit, with a wistful sigh,*
*Watching that memory drift on by—*
*Not perfect, but perfectly mine,*
*That unplanned, clumsy, sacred time.*

---

*That fragrance drifting from your skin,*
*Like liquid dusk, it pulled me in—*
*A dizzy high, a soft perfume,*
*That filled my lungs and sealed my doom.*

*And then your fingers found my hand,*
*A touch that made the world just stand.*
*The clock stopped ticking, time went still,*
*My heart obeyed your silent will.*

*I'd never felt a thing so true,*
*The universe shrank to just me and you.*
*You held my palm like it was gold,*
*A story that had never been told.*

*You clicked our photos, side by side,*
*A moment I would want to hide—*
*Not from shame, but from the fear*
*That this was all too real, too dear.*

*And then⁷ you placed it in my palm—*
*That tiny ring, so quiet, so calm.*
*A gift you chose with care and grace,*
*The perfect spark upon my face.*

*Your taste, your choice—so sharp, so neat,*
*My heart could barely take the heat.*
*I stared at it, a silent plea—*
*"No evil eye shall look at thee."*

*So precious, that I wished to keep*
*It safe, away from glances deep.*
*I couldn't speak, I couldn't thank,*
*My voice just sank, my mind went blank*

*I wonder now, with heavy sigh,*
*Did I seem cold? Did I seem shy?*
*Was my first impression far too poor?*
*Did you think I didn't want you more?*

*But oh, if only you could see—*
*The chaos you had caused in me.*
*I didn't thank you with my voice,*
*But darling, you remain my choice.*

---

***You couldn't see my face, but you saw my soul —***
***and that was enough for you to stay.***

# The Mask Between Us

*I laugh today, thinking back,*
*How every time we met,*
*I had that mask upon my face—*
*A barrier, you'd fret.*

*And you, my love, so restless,*
*So eager, so undone—*
*You'd lean so close, you'd try so hard*
*To see me, just for one.*

*Your eyes would search, your head would tilt,*
*You'd ask a thousand things,*
*Just to catch a glimpse, a peek,*
*Of what the mask still clings.*

*"Can you just... take it off?"*
*Your silence seemed to say,*
*But I'd just smile behind the cloth,*
*And let you wait another day.*

*I never felt annoyed, not once,*
*No anger in my chest—*
*Instead, my heart would melt and melt,*
*Watching you protest.*

*Because your longing wasn't rude,*
*It wasn't pushy or vain—*
*It was love, impatient love,*
*That drove you half insane.*

*And now when I remember it,*
*I laugh and blush inside—*
*You loved me even with that mask,*
*You never had to hide.*

*That worry in your restless eyes,*
*That hunger just to see—*
*It wasn't anger that I felt...*
*It was love, returned from me.*

---

***I saw your soul in your eyes that day —***
***and I knew, I was home.***

# The Day You Took Me Home

*That day you took me to your world,*
*Your home, your space, your heart unfurled—*
*Each corner, each object, each little thing,*
*You showed me all, your offering.*

*And I could feel it, deep inside—*
*The way you watched, the way you guided,*
*Your hand in mine, so warm, so sure,*
*A love so quiet, yet so pure.*

*You cared for me in every step,*
*In every glance, in every breath.*
*And when I stumbled on those stairs,*
*You caught me—like you'd said a prayer.*

*So fast, so firm, so full of grace,*
*You held me safe in your embrace.*
*No words were spoken, none were needed—*
*Your love was there, already seeded.*

*And when I looked into your eyes,*
*I saw no limits, no disguise—*
*Not just the surface, not the skin,*
*But something deeper, held within.*

*It felt like looking through the veil—*
*Your soul was there, so bright, so frail.*
*So tender, that I had to turn,*
*Afraid that I might crash and burn.*

*Because your love—it shines so clear,*
*Through every gesture, every tear,*
*You've never said it loud or long—*
*But shown it, proven it, all along.*

*So gentle, always, calm and true—*
*In everything you say and do.*
*No drama, no pretentious show—*
*Just love, that silently would grow.*

*That day you took me home, I knew—*
*Your soul had said, "I choose you."*

---

***You drank my leftover water like it was holy —***
***and I knew, you'd never let me thirst.***

# Leftover Love

*I know you're busy, I've seen it with my eyes—*
*Those endless calls, those hurried goodbyes.*
*Yet still you came, you carved out space,*
*Just to sit with me, face to face.*

*That day you couldn't stay for long,*
*But you made sure I wasn't wrong—*
*You fed me first, you watched me eat,*
*Then dropped me off on that lonely street.*

*We sat in the back, so close, so still,*
*Your car, your world, your time, your will.*
*We shared a meal, so simple, plain—*
*But in my heart, it poured like rain.*

*And oh, that water—half-left, mine—*
*I cringed inside, I drew the line.*
*But you, so carefree, took the glass,*
*And drank my leftover as if it'd pass*
*Like nectar, like a sacred wine—*
*You made my hesitation shine.*

*You ate my food, you drank my sip,*
*No disgust, no flinch, no grip—*
*Just love, so raw, so unrefined,*
*The sweetest thing I've ever find.*

*You had no time, yet gave me some,*
*You had your world, yet made me numb—*
*With all that chaos, all that haste,*
*You never let a moment waste.*

*That leftover meal, that crowded car,*
*That half-filled glass—you raised the bar.*
*Not grand, not perfect, not so neat—*
*But love, so real, so bittersweet.*

---

*I fight with you, I argue loud,*
*I wear my anger like a shroud.*
*I raise my voice, I roll my eyes,*
*I throw my words like sharp goodbyes.*

*But oh, this anger—it's so thin,*
*Beneath it all, love still begins.*
*I'm not a fan of men, you see—*
*Their ways, their pride, their certainty.*

*I judge them all, I keep my space,*
*I hate the whole male human race.*
*And yet... there's you. And I don't know,*
*How you slipped through and stole the show.*

*I love you, truly, madly, deep—*
*A love so fierce it makes me weep.*
*But sometimes, when I stop and think,*
*And see your flaws right on the brink—*

*I realize, with a sudden sigh,*
*Oh God... you're also a guy!*
*And then my anger starts to brew—*
*How dare you be a man? And true?*

*It's not fair, this trick of fate—*
*That I, who men so deeply hate,*
*Should fall so hard, so helplessly,*
*For one who's just a man to me.*

*But then you smile, you hold my hand,*
*And I forget why I was mad.*
*I fight, I yell, I make a scene—*
*But darling, you're my only mean.*

---

**You promised you'd never leave — and every day since,
you've kept that promise in your silence.**

# The Promise Day

*I remember that day—our very first fight,*
*We were both so young, both so right—*
*But you showed up, you came to me,*
*On that promise day, by that old tree.*

*And I looked at you, with teary eyes,*
*And asked a question, no disguise—*
*"Promise me—you'll never leave,"*
*"Not in sorrow, not in grief."*

*You looked at me, so still, so true,*
*And softly said, "I promise you."*
*No drama, no poetic art—*
*Just a promise from the heart.*

*And since that day, through thick and thin,*
*Through every storm that blew within—*
*You stayed, you held, you never ran—*
*You proved yourself again and again.*

*You didn't just speak—you showed, you stood—*
*You gave me all the proof I could—*
*That your word was not just air—*
*That you would always, always care.*

*When I pushed, when I broke,*
*When my trust began to choke—*
*You didn't leave, you didn't go—*
*You loved me through it, just so.*

*So now I know—that promise made,*
*On that day, in that quiet shade—*
*Was not just words, but a sacred bind—*
*That you kept with your heart and mind.*

*And every time you stayed, you proved—*
*That your promise was deeply moved—*
*By something real, something true—*
*A love that simply chose to follow through.*

---

***Your brothers saw you lose your mind over me —***
***and I fell in love with your madness.***

# Witness to Our Madness

*That day—oh God, I still feel shy—*
*When your brothers sat nearby,*
*Up in front, so calm, so still,*
*While we went crazy against our will.*

*We sat in back, just you and me,*
*But you were lost, couldn't you see?*
*So drunk on love, so out of mind,*
*As if your senses had resigned.*

*Your eyes were wild, your smile so wide,*
*No shame, no filter, nowhere to hide,*
*You leaned so close, you held my gaze,*
*Lost in your romantic haze.*

*And your poor brother at the wheel—*
*He couldn't take what he would feel,*
*He put his glasses on with grace,*
*And turned that rearview from his face.*

*The other one, so done, so smart,*
*Pulled up his hoodie, hid his heart,*
*As if to say, "I'm not here,*
*Just drive, just go, just disappear."*

*But you? Oh you were in your zone,*
*Acting like we were all alone,*
*So busy holding my hand so tight,*
*Oblivious to their silent plight.*

*"She's mine!" your every gesture screamed,*
*While your poor brothers sat and dreamed*
*Of anywhere but in that car,*
*Witness to a love bizarre.*

*I wanted to sink, to disappear,*
*To hide from them, from all the fear—*
*But deep inside, I loved it so,*
*Your shameless love, your radiant glow.*

*That day was cringe, that day was gold,*
*A memory I'll forever hold—*
*Your brothers saw, they judged, they knew,*
*But darling, they saw the realest you.*

---

*I loved you like they write in books—*
*With all my heart, with all my looks—*
*Not perfect, not a fairy tale,*
*But real, and raw, and frail.*

*Like those pages filled with longing sighs,*
*Where the hero never hides his eyes—*
*Where every glance is poetry,*
*And every touch is destiny.*

*I loved you like the poets write—*
*In verses that stay up all night—*
*Where every word bleeds with desire,*
*And love is made of sacred fire.*

*Like those stories that make you weep,*
*Where lovers cross the oceans deep—*
*Not for glory, not for fame—*
*But just to call each other's name.*

*I loved you in silences untold,*
*In moments that were brave and bold—*
*In stares that said a thousand things,*
*In the way your presence always clings.*

*Like the love that never fades with time,*
*That stays through every hill and climb—*
*That doesn't run when storms appear,*
*But holds on tighter, draws you near.*

*I loved you with a quiet grace,*
*That time can never once erase—*
*The kind they write in stories old,*
*Of hearts that never turn cold.*

*I loved you like the moon loves night—*
*Without demand, without a fight—*
*Just present, constant, soft, and true,*
*The way only a few hearts do.*

*And though the world may never know,*
*How deep my feelings used to grow—*
*I know, and you know, deep inside—*
*This love was never meant to hide.*

---

***You called me your little don —***
***and my anger melted into a smile I couldn't hide.***

# My little Don

*I still remember that silly day,*
*When you were trying to make me stay—*
*Not with roses, not with rhyme,*
*But with words that broke all time.*

*You called me "Mafia," bold and wise,*
*With dangerous love in your eyes—*
*Then added "Choti si don" so sweet,*
*As if my anger was a treat.*

*I laughed so hard, I couldn't speak,*
*My anger turned so small and weak—*
*How could I stay mad at you,*
*When you called me something so new?*

*Mafia! Like I run the town,*
*With guns and power, wearing crown—*
*But choti si? That made me small,*
*A tiny don who couldn't fall.*

*You turned my anger into art,*
*You took my fire, held my heart—*
*You didn't plead, you didn't cry—*
*You just made me laugh, oh my, oh my!*

*That name still echoes in my head,*
*When I'm in bed, or when I've fled*
*From all the world and all its stress—*
*You called me don in my distress.*

*And every time I think of it,*
*A silly smile begins to sit—*
*Upon my face, because you knew,*
*How to make my heart feel new.*

*So here's to you, my crazy man—*
*Who calls me don whenever you can—*
*Not to mock, not to tease too far—*
*But 'cause you love my little war.*

---

*You never said, "Grow up now,"*
*You never asked me to change somehow—*
*Not once you told me, "Act your age,"*
*Or scolded me for being a child on stage.*

*You let me jump, you let me play,*
*You let me be in my own way—*
*And when I act all small and cute,*
*You don't roll eyes—you just salute.*

*Instead, you join me—hand in hand,*
*You be the child, you understand—*
*You tease, you poke, you make me laugh,*
*You turn my world into a giraffe (of joy!).*

*You treat me like a little one—*
*Not with pity, not with scold—*
*But with that warmth that makes me feel,*
*My childish side is something real.*

*You hold my hand when I skip around,*
*You laugh at my silliest sound,*
*You don't judge me when I'm weird—*
*You just love me, un-feared.*

*And oh, that mischief in your eyes—*
*The way you plan your playful lies,*
*The way you pull my hair, my cheek—*
*You make this grown-up world so meek.*

*You love to tease, you love to mess,*
*You love to see me in distress—*
*Not real distress, just that fake cry,*
*That makes you laugh and ask me, "Why?"*

*And I pretend to be so mad,*
*But deep inside, I'm always glad—*
*Because your teasing, your silly ways,*
*Are just your love in playful haze.*

*You never ask me to be tall,*
*You love me most when I fall—*
*Not fall in failure, but in fun—*
*You catch me, laugh, and then we run.*

*So thank you, for not making me—*
*A "grown-up" that I'd never be—*
*For letting me stay small and free,*
*And loving that small child in me.*

---

**You didn't fix my pain — you just made it forgettable,**
**one smile at a time.**

# He Just Wanted Me to Smile

*Whenever I would break and cry,*
*And tell him why, and tell him why—*
*He'd shift the talk, he'd change the track,*
*And never give my pain its crack.*

*I'd think, "Does he not care at all?*
*Why does he let my feelings fall?*
*Why doesn't he sit and stay,*
*And hear the words I have to say?"*

*But then I saw—it wasn't cold,*
*It wasn't that my hurt grew old—*
*It was his way, his only tool,*
*To pull me out and make me cool.*

*He couldn't bear to see me low,*
*He didn't know which way to go—*
*So he would talk of something new,*
*To bring the smile back, fresh and true.*

*He'd crack a joke, he'd make a face,*
*He'd bring some silly, random trace—*
*Of laughter, lightness, simple cheer,*
*To wipe away my every tear.*

*He wasn't running from my pain—*
*He just wanted sun, not rain.*
*He knew if he stayed in that space,*
*He'd lose the light upon my face.*

*So he would turn, divert, distract—*
*Not to ignore, but to react*
*In the only way he knew how best—*
*To give my aching heart some rest.*

*And now I smile, thinking back,*
*On all those moments, all that track—*
*He never said, "I hear your cry"—*
*He just said, "Look, the sky is high!"*

*He couldn't fix the hurt inside,*
*But he could run and gently hide—*
*My sorrow in a silly jest,*
*And give my soul a moment's rest.*

*So thank you, love, for every time—*
*You turned my pain into a rhyme—*
*Of laughter, madness, silly things—*
*And gave my heart its angel wings.*

---

*He never forced me, not once, not ever—*
*To do a thing, to change, to sever*
*My will, my choice, my own free space—*
*He always left me my own pace.*

*Not once he said, "Don't go, don't try,"*
*Not once he made me question why—*
*I had my world, I had my wings,*
*He loved me in all my little things.*

*He never pushed, he never pulled,*
*He never made my heart feel fooled—*
*I could be me, I could be loud,*
*I could be lost within a cloud.*

*But still—he wants my photos, yes,*
*My face, my smile, my little mess—*
*He asks, he hopes, he softly pleads,*
*But never forces, never needs.*

*He'll wait and wait, and then one day—*
*He'll pout a little, just to say,*
*"Not even one? Not even now?"*
*With that sweet stubborn on his brow.*

*And oh, that pout—it makes me smile,*
*It stays with me for quite a while—*
*Not anger, not demand, not fight—*
*Just innocent, with all his might.*

*He gives me freedom, wide and deep,*
*But in his heart, a wish to keep—*
*A glimpse of me, a tiny part,*
*To hold and treasure in his heart.*

*And when I send it, oh his face—*
*That sudden glow, that happy pace—*
*He doesn't say it loud or clear,*
*But I can feel—he's always near.*

*So here's to him—who gave me space,*
*Yet wanted me in every place—*
*Who never forced, but softly asked,*
*And loved me through each simple task.*

---

**You were busy saving the world —**
**but you always made time to save me too.**

# The Barrister's Heart

*I used to think, when you'd go quiet,*
*That you were playing some cruel riot—*
*That I was just another name,*
*In some long, endless, waiting game.*

*I'd wonder—"He's with someone else,"*
*"He's busy casting silent spells"—*
*"He's ghosting me, he's here and gone,"*
*"Leaving me to feel alone."*

*My mind would spin, my heart would race,*
*I'd find suspicion in each space—*
*Between your texts, between your calls,*
*I'd build imaginary walls.*

*But oh, the truth was simpler, dear—*
*You weren't ghosting, you were here—*
*Just buried deep in work and time,*
*In duties far more steep than mine.*

*A Barrister, with cases to fight,*
*With clients wrong and clients right—*
*With papers, courts, and endless stress,*
*And a schedule that's a tangled mess.*

*And not just that—you're the eldest son,*
*The one on whom the family's run—*
*Responsibilities on your shoulders,*
*Day and night, as time grows older.*

*No fixed hours, no steady flow—*
*Just unpredictable winds that blow—*
*One moment here, one moment there,*
*Leaving you with little care—*
*Not for me, but for yourself—*
*You gave your life to everyone else.*

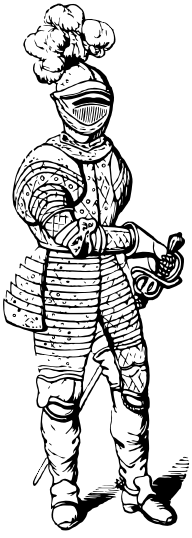
*And I, in my insecurity,*
*Forgot to see your reality—*
*I thought it was a game, a play—*
*While you were just surviving the day.*

*So now I smile, and gently sigh—*
*At all the doubts I let go by—*
*Because you weren't ignoring me—*
*You were just trying to be.*

*To be the son, the man, the shield—*
*To hold a world that never yields—*
*And in that chaos, still you found—*
*A moment just to hear my sound.*

---

**You carried everyone's weight — but never let me feel yours.**
**That's how I knew you loved me.**



# The Eldest Son's Silence

*He is the eldest—so he must stand tall,*
*Must catch everyone before they fall.*
*Must be the rock, the steady tree,*
*With no room for his own misery.*

*He cannot say, "I'm tired today,"*
*Cannot let his feelings stray—*
*Because who will hold the house together,*
*If he allows himself to weather?*

*A good son, a good brother, a good man—*
*That's the weight of his life's plan.*
*He doesn't ask if he's okay—*
*He just gets through another day.*

*He buries what he truly feels,*
*Behind a smile that slowly heals—*
*Not himself, but everyone around,*
*While his own heart stays unfound.*

*"What do I want?" — he never asks,*
*He's too busy wearing all the masks—*
*Of duty, of strength, of "I'm alright,"*
*Even when he's losing his own fight.*

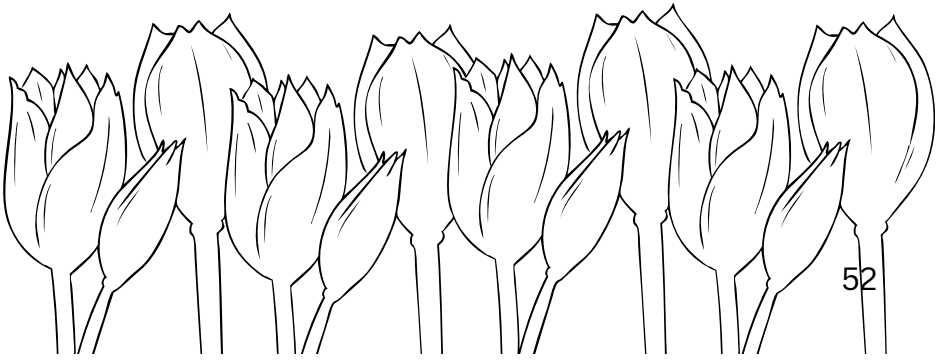
*His personal life? What is that?*
*A distant dream, a faded mat—*
*He steps on it, but never rests,*
*Because for him, there are no tests—*
*Just survival, day by day,*
*Walking in his own grey.*

*He can't afford to break or bend,*
*Because on him, all depend.*
*So he swallows every cry,*
*And tells himself, "This is fine—this is why."*

*But oh, if someone saw inside—*
*The storm he always tries to hide—*
*They'd see a child, tired, small,*
*Who never got to feel at all.*

---

***You spoke in silence, and I listened with doubt —***
***but love doesn't need words to be loud.***



# When Silence Spoke

*I didn't understand your silent cues,*
*Your quiet love, your hidden views—*
*You'd hold my hand, you'd stay a while,*
*But I'd still doubt behind my smile.*

*I thought, "He's just passing time,"*
*"Just using me for some cheap rhyme"—*
*Because my brain, so sharp and keen,*
*Would turn to fog when you were seen.*

*With others, I could read the signs,*
*I'd see their truths, I'd draw the lines—*
*But you? You made my logic stall,*
*You made my senses take a fall.*

*So every time you stayed or called,*
*I'd wonder if I'd be appalled—*
*By finding out it was a game,*
*That I was just another name.*

*But you kept showing up, so true—*
*Not grand, just quietly you.*
*No loud declarations, no big show—*
*Just steady love, so soft and slow.*

*And now I see—it wasn't use,*
*It wasn't that you'd meant abuse—*
*It was just love, too deep to speak,*
*Too real to flaunt, too strong to leak.*

*I couldn't read you back then,*
*Because my heart had clenched its pen—*
*And wrote confusion in the place,*
*Where love was staring at my face.*

*So forgive me for my cloudy sight—*
*For missing love that shone so bright.*
*I see it now, so crystal clear—*
*You were always here. Always near.*

---

*I didn't get your silent signs,*
*I read them wrong a hundred times—*
*I thought you'd use me, waste my days,*
*And leave me lost in hollow haze.*

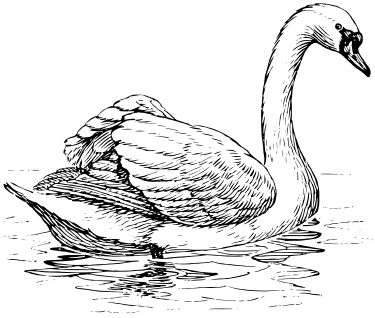
*Because with you, my mind would freeze,*
*I couldn't see the forest for the trees—*
*My logic failed, my sense went numb,*
*Whenever you would near me come.*

*But time revealed what I couldn't see—*
*That you weren't using, you were being—*
*Being mine, in your own way,*
*Through every single passing day.*

*Now I laugh at my old doubt—*
*How could I ever have figured out,*
*A love so quiet, so deep, so true—*
*When my heart was blind, but not you?*

---

**I deleted your number,**
**but my heart had already memorized it —**
**forever.**



# I Tried to Unlove You

*I tried to leave you, tried to run—*
*In my immaturity, I thought it done—*
*I said, "This ends, I'll set you free,"*
*But my heart refused to agree.*

*Again and again, I made that call—*
*"I'll walk away, I'll break this wall"—*
*But every time, I'd turn around,*
*And find my feet still on your ground.*

*I deleted your number from my phone,*
*But from my soul—you weren't gone—*
*Your name was etched on every part,*
*Of my restless, stubborn heart.*

*I threw away your things, your trace,*
*Tried to wipe your love from every space—*
*But your scent, your smile, your silent stare—*
*Followed me everywhere, everywhere.*

*I tried to hate you, tried to blame—*
*But every time, I'd speak your name—*
*Not in anger, not in spite—*
*But like a prayer in the night.*

*I tried to find someone else, anew—*
*But your name was the only one I knew—*
*Others came, others spoke, others stayed—*
*But my heart for them just disobeyed.*

*Their names felt strange, their voices thin—*
*They couldn't reach the place within—*
*Because your name had built a shrine,*
*And it could only ever be...*
*Yours and mine.*

*So I gave up—I stopped the fight—*
*I let your memory be my light—*
*Because some loves cannot be erased—*
*They're not a choice, but a sacred place.*

---

*I read people like open books,*
*Their hidden tales, their silent looks,*
*Their habits, patterns, every cue—*
*I see what they don't want me to.*

*I analyze, I break it down,*
*I wear the smartest crown in town—*
*Their behaviors, their disguise,*
*I catch the truth behind their lies.*

*But then you walk into the room,*
*And all my logic meets its doom.*
*My sharp mind stumbles, falls apart,*
*You simply happen to my heart.*

*Your tease, your smile, your playful eye—*
*And suddenly, I don't know why,*
*I can't connect the dots, the signs,*
*My brain just melts between the lines.*

*With others—sharp, precise, alert,*
*With you—just clumsy, bruised, and hurt*
*In the sweetest way, because you see—*
*You break the analyst in me.*

*I know you love me, that I know—*
*Your teasing proves it, lets it show.*
*But still, my mind goes blank and slow,*
*Whenever you put on that show.*

*How does he do this? I ask inside,*
*This man who makes my logic hide—*
*Not by force, but by his grace,*
*His warmth, his love, his foolish face.*

---

***You showed me a gun to keep me close —***
***I showed you my truth to set you free.***

# The Gun, the Fear

*I remember that day—our very first meet,*
*You were nervous, shy, but trying to be sweet—*
*You kept repeating, again and again,*
*"Beautiful girls give only pain.*
*They cheat, they leave, they break your heart—*
*Don't do that to me—don't tear me apart."*

*And then you showed me—a gun on your phone—*
*Said, "It's ordered, it's mine, it's my own—*
*If you ever cheat, if you ever lie—**
*I'll shoot you with this—till you die."*

*And I didn't flinch, I didn't fear—*
*I just looked at you and smiled so clear—*
*Because I knew—it wasn't a threat—*
*It was your fear that hadn't met—*
*The truth that I would never stray—*
*But you didn't trust me anyway.*

*So I laughed—not at you, but at the thought—*
*That you believed I'd break you for naught—*
*And I said, so calm, so light, so free—*
*"Then I'm not beautiful—just look at me."*

*Your eyes went wide, your mouth went slack—*
*You didn't know how to react—*
*Because your threat had lost its bite—*
*When I turned it into my own light.*

*You said, "You're beautiful—that's the fear,"*
*And I said, "Then keep me near—*
*Not with guns, not with fear—*
*But with love that's always here."*

*That day I saw—behind your threat—*
*A boy who hadn't learned yet—*
*That love doesn't need a gun to stay—*
*It just needs trust, day by day.*

---

***You said you'd bring your own gun if I called you out —***
***because even your mistakes were mine to judge.***

# The Call You'd Make

I asked you once, inside that car—
"What if I cheat? What if I mar?"
You said, "It's your right, your call, your way—
I won't force you to ever stay."

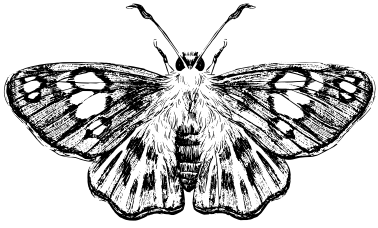
Then I turned the question back—
"What if you cheat? What if you lack—
The love you promised, the trust you gave—
What would I do? How would I behave?"

And you looked at me, calm and true—
"Just call me once, say I've hurt you—
I'll bring my gun, I'll come to you—
And then, my love, you do what you do."

You didn't say you'd never slip—
You gave me power, gave me grip—
To call you out, to break your pride—
And have your own hands by my side.

That's not a threat—that's love so deep—
A promise that you'll always keep—
That even if you lose your way—
You'll face it with me—come what may

**The world told me to move on —**
**but my heart knew you were coming back. And you did.**



# I Waited for You

*I was angry at you, yes—*
*But even in that anger, I confessed,*
*Your name upon my lips would fall,*
*When I was hurt, when I'd recall.*

*They'd say, "Forget him, he is gone,"*
*But I would wait from dusk to dawn—*
*Not days, not weeks, but months would pass,*
*And still I held onto the glass—*
*Of hope, of faith, of silent prayer,*
*That you'd be standing somewhere there.*

*They tried—oh, others came around,*
*But I would shut them out, unbound—*
*I'd be so cold, so sharp, so rude,*
*To anyone who dared intrude—*
*Because my heart had only space,*
*For one familiar, waiting face.*

*And when you'd disappear for long,*
*I'd still believe I wasn't wrong—*
*That you would knock upon my door,*
*Like you had always done before.*

*And you did come—just like I knew—*
*With that same look, that same old view—*
*As if no time had passed at all,*
*As if you'd heard my silent call.*

*Months of silence, months of ache—*
*Yet not a single moment fake—*
*Because I knew, deep in my soul,*
*That you were still my only goal.*

*They called me foolish, called me mad,*
*For waiting on a love I had—*
*But they don't know what I know deep—*
*That you're a promise I will keep.*

*So yes, I waited—months on end—*
*For you, my lover, my best friend.*
*And when you came, I didn't cry—*
*I just looked up and asked, "Why?"*

*But you just smiled and held my hand,*
*And said, "I'm here—you understand?"*
*And in that moment, all was healed—*
*The love I felt was never concealed.*

---

*You said you'd fry them alive for me —*
*and I knew, my honor was your religion.*

# You Said You'd Fry Them Alive

*I asked you once, so soft, so low—*
*"What if someone says something low?*
*What if they speak ill of me—*
*What would your reaction be?"*

*And you didn't pause, you didn't think—*
*You answered quick as morning's blink—*
*"I'll fry them alive—right then and there—*
*For my baby, I won't spare."*

*And I laughed—but deep inside,*
*My heart began to swell with pride—*
*Not because of violence, no—*
*But because you cared to show.*

*You called me "baby" —small and sweet—*
*As if my heart was yours to keep—*
*And in that moment, I just knew—*
*That I was safe because of you.*

*No one could hurt me, not for long—*
*Because your love was fierce and strong—*
*You'd take a stand, you'd fight, you'd roar—*
*Just to protect me, and nothing more.*

*That answer hit so differently—*
*Not just words, but certainty—*
*That in this world, so cold and wide—*
*You'd always be right by my side.*

*You didn't promise roses or skies—*
*You promised to protect my cries—*
*To guard my name, to shield my grace—*
*To keep me safe in any place.*

*And that, my love, means more than gold—*
*More than stories ever told—*
*Because you showed me, clear and true—*
*That I am safe because of you.*

---

***He doesn't say 'I love you' with words —***
***he says it with his presence, his patience,***
***and his quiet strength.***

# He Loves, But Cannot Say

*He loves me—that I know so well,*
*But he can never truly tell—*
*Not in words, not in grand display—*
*He shows it in his quiet way.*

*He cares for me—I feel it deep,*
*A promise that he'll always keep—*
*But he won't say, "I care for you,"*
*He'll just show up, and see me through.*

*He's brilliant, sharp, and wise, they say—*
*His mind works in a complex way—*
*He solves the world, he reads the signs,*
*He knows the universe's designs.*

*But when it comes to me, to us—*
*His mind just stops, it loses fuss—*
*He can't compute, he can't explain—*
*This love that drives him half-insane.*

*He'll hold my hand, but won't confess—*
*He'll calm my storm, but not express—*
*He'll stay all night, but won't say why—*
*He'll just be there, without a sigh.*

*He's a genius, a thinker, smart—*
*But love has stolen his own heart's chart—*
*He doesn't know what to do with me—*
*This love that's wild, this love that's free.*

*He'll protect me with all his might—*
*But won't say, "You're my only light."*
*He'll fight for me, he'll take a stand—*
*But words just slip right through his hand.*

*So I don't wait for words so grand—*
*I read his love in every hand—*
*That holds mine tight, that won't let go—*
*That's how his love begins to grow.*

*He is wise, but love makes him dumb—*
*And that's the place from where we come—*
*Where brains don't work, but hearts just feel—*
*And that, my love, is perfectly real.*

---

*He loves me—that I truly know—*
*But he can never truly show—*
*Not in words, not in speech—*
*His love is just beyond his reach.*

*He cares for me—I feel it near—*
*But he won't say, he'll just appear—*
*He'll hold me close, he'll stay all night—*
*But won't explain his inner light.*

*He's brilliant, smart, so full of grace—*
*But love has changed his thinking space—*
*His mind goes blank when I'm around—*
*The wisest man, in love, unbound.*

*So I don't ask for pretty lines—*
*I read his love in silent signs—*
*In how he stays, in how he tries—*
*In all the ways he can't disguise.*

*He's wise, but love makes him a fool—*
*And that, my love, is beautiful.*

---

***Some loves are not found —***
***they are prayed into existence.***
***And He listened.***

# Written in Fate, Received Through Prayers

*I fought it all—the pain, the wait,*
*I tried to change my twisted fate—*
*I pushed, I pulled, I screamed, I cried—*
*But some loves are not meant to hide.*

*And then one day, I stopped the fight—*
*I let my heart see clearer light—*
*That if a thought stays in your soul,*
*It's not by chance—it's made you whole.*

*If someone lingers in your mind,*
*It's not because you're weak or blind—*
*It's because Allah placed them there,*
*A soul meant for your silent prayer.*

*Not every wish is meant to be—*
*But some are written, don't you see?*
*They're not a choice, they're not a game—*
*They come to you through His holy name.*

*And when you pray with all your heart,*
*With tears that fall like summer's art—*
*He listens, He knows, He paves the way—*
*For what was written for that day.*

*So I stopped running, stopped the chase—*
*And found my peace, and found my grace—*
*Because I knew, deep in my soul—*
*That you were meant to make me whole.*

*Not by force, not by desire—*
*But by Allah's unseen fire—*
*That brought you close, that held you near—*
*And turned my doubt into clear.*

*So now I thank Him, every day—*
*For teaching me to trust and pray—*
*Because what's meant will never go—*
*And what's yours... He'll always show.*

---

*I don't know where we'll be tomorrow —*
*but I know you, and that's enough for today.*

# I Don't Know the End, But I Know You

*I don't know where this road will lead,*
*What fate has written, what we'll need—*
*I don't know if the stars will stay,*
*Or if the sky will turn to gray.*

*But I know this—when I see your face,*
*My worries leave without a trace—*
*My restless heart finds quiet peace,*
*My anxious thoughts just simply cease.*

*I don't know if we'll last for years,*
*Or if we'll face a sea of tears—*
*I don't know what tomorrow brings,*
*Or if my heart will still have wings.*

*But I know you—and that's enough,*
*To handle all the heavy stuff—*
*Because your presence calms my soul,*
*And makes my broken pieces whole.*

*My peace is not in places, things—*
*It's in the comfort that you bring—*
*It's in your voice, your silent stare,*
*It's in the way you're always there.*

*So I don't ask for guarantees,*
*Or perfect, fairytale degrees—*
*I only ask, with every prayer,*
*That you and I will always care.*

*That our ending—whatever it be—*
*Will be happy, will be free—*
*Will be written with love so true,*
*That it reflects me and you.*

*I don't know the end, and that's okay—*
*Because I have you, here, today.*
*And that alone, my love, is bliss—*
*A gift I never want to miss.*

---

Choti Ji Baby -
Forever

*You called me your little baby —*
*and I became yours, forever, without a*
*single regret.*

*A real man provides—not just with gold,*
*But with a heart that's steady, bold.*
*He gives without a single trace*
*Of "look what I did" upon his face.*

*No taunts, no jabs, no silent score—*
*He gives, and then he gives some more.*
*Not to show off, not to claim—*
*But just to love, without a name.*

*He gave me gifts, he gave me meals,*
*He gave me care that truly heals—*
*And never once did he remind,*
*That he was generous or kind.*

*And when the world became too loud,*
*When I was lost within a crowd—*
*He stood in front, he took the blow,*
*He never let my fear then grow.*

*He never used my trust as bait,*
*Never blackmailed, never late—*
*To save himself, to win a fight—*
*He kept my honor safe and bright.*

*He didn't use his strength to break,*
*He used it only for my sake.*
*Not to control, not to confine—*
*But to protect this heart of mine.*

*A man who cannot guard his own,*
*Who cannot make her feel at home—*
*Who cannot feed her soul or hand—*
*He fails to truly understand*
*What it means to be a man.*

*Because a man is not just tall—*
*He's someone who won't let you fall.*
*Not just in arms, but in his word—*
*The safest voice you've ever heard.*

*So yes, he proved it, clear and true—*
*A real man isn't just a view.*
*He's provider, protector, steady, calm—*

*He's not just muscle—he's a balm.*

In a world
full of noise,
he was my
peace
and in the
middle of
my chaos,
he was my
home.